

-----  
Title: Wishing on the Well of Pity (Book 1)

Author: Vinco Omni  
-----

Book One.

The Tale of the  
Mighty King Rufus,  
and His Climb to  
Power.

Chapter 1.

And he started out on  
his long journey on  
that cold January  
morning. Standing  
outside the wistful  
inn, he looks around at  
his peers, wondering  
if this is as good as it  
gets. His journey will  
be long, but it will be  
rewarding. Many  
lives will be taken,  
many deaths shall  
succumb. The  
ever-dreary gaze of  
the frost-bitten sky  
looks further and  
further down towards  
his peaceful stance.  
He stands with pride  
and courage, and with  
a song in mind. He  
knows not where he  
goes, or when he shall  
get there, but he just  
knows that he will  
find what he's been  
looking for.

Chapter 2.

And so he traveled on.  
Weary from his  
travels, he decided  
to look further. And  
further, and further.  
He found what he was  
looking for. Or, at

least he know's what  
he has in mind.  
Revealing secrets of  
his icy past  
experience, leaves  
with him only the  
remains of unhappy  
thoughts and  
memories. His dreams  
and visions were  
locked and chained,  
captivated by the  
moment. Who knows  
exactly what this all  
means? Who knows  
what anything  
means? For we are  
all lost, trapped inside  
vicious angles which  
we can not deconstruct  
or intersect by any  
means. This is  
needful of  
sympathy.. Needful  
of vengence, needful  
of hope and a will to  
carry on and survive  
to another day.

Chapter 3.  
We hold all of it right  
in the palm of our  
hands. The blur.  
Everyone goes on  
living peaceful  
morning star lives,  
and then there is the  
obviousness of the  
unhappy people, who  
are tattered and torn  
from icy pasts, much  
like his. I pray  
and hope that  
wherever you go,  
what ever you do, that  
you will truly find  
love, and what you are  
looking for. For onow,  
all we can do is  
attempt to salvage  
what is left in this  
mourning world of  
lost souls. For we are  
all well wishers. We  
strive to succeed. And

then it happens.  
Success is sparked.  
Starting as a thought  
in his brain, it  
crackles and lights  
and blisters down his  
body into the palm of  
his hand, then to his  
out-stretched index  
finger. Creativity  
personified. He found  
what he was looking  
for. As we walked  
and journeyed, he  
stumbled upon who he  
thought to be a  
peasant. The girl,  
weeping told him to go  
away. He comforted  
and befriended her to  
find out that she was  
the Princess of her  
country, and that she  
has ran away because  
she feels that her  
father, the King, does  
not love her anymore.  
Five long years  
passed, and the  
Princess married  
him. They became  
man and wife, and  
then soon Queen Jade  
and King Rufus. This  
is Rufus' climb to  
power. The spark,  
from his finger, his  
icy past, all erased.  
Shattered in an array  
of white lights and  
black mysteries.

The end. . .

-->

Comments and such  
should be directed to  
[mySithie@hotmail](mailto:mySithie@hotmail.com)  
.com

Thank you for  
reading, Book 2 is  
soon. Thanks -Vinco